Handel and Haydn Society

MR. EMIL MOLLENHAUER, Conductor
MR. H. G. TUCKER, Organist

ONE HUNDRED AND FIRST SEASON
SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINTH CONCERT

BOSTON
SYMPHONY HALL

Sunday, February 27, 1916, 7.30 P. M.

THE MOZART REQUIEM—THE FIRST WALPURGIS NIGHT

Soprano, MRS. GRACE BONNER WILLIAMS
Alto, MISS CHRISTINE MILLER
Tenor, MR. LAMBERT MURPHY
Baritone, MR. BERNARD FERGUSON
Bass, MR. WILFRED GLENN

Boston Festival Orchestra
MR. JOHN W. CROWLEY, Principal

THE MOZART REQUIEM—THE FIRST WALPURGIS NIGHT

The Mozart Requiem

The Mozart Requiem, written for chorus, soloists and orchestra. A work of unusual beauty. One has but to compare it with many other modern works of similar character to fully realize that in construction and depth of expression, it is a superlative work.

It has been performed in Boston under the direction of Wilhelm Gericke.

The First Walpurgis Night

The First Walpurgis Night, for chorus, soloists and orchestra, the words by Goethe, the music by Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. The night between the 30th of April and the 1st of May is in Germany called the "Walpurgis Night" as being dedicated to Walpurga, a British Saint, sister of St. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany. In the popular tradition it is supposed to be the night for great festivals of sprites and witches on the mountains of the Hartz.

The First Walpurgis Night was begun in Rome, and after revision and correction was performed at Leipsic, February 2, 1843. It is the most brilliant and popular of Mendelssohn's shorter works.

TICKET INFORMATION

The sale of tickets for this concert, $2,00, $1.50, and $1.00 will open Monday, February 21, at 8.30 A. M., at Symphony Hall, (Telephone, Back Bay 1492).

Further information in regard to sale of tickets, etc., can be obtained by addressing the Secretary.

Duane White

Secretary.

9 Howland Street, Roxbury.
Boston, February, 1916. Tel. Rox. 1025-W

HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY

Vol. I. 1815 to May, 1890.

Vol. II, No. 1. May, 1890, to May, 1897. Including lists of concerts and officers from May, 1890, to May, 1912.

Vol. II, No. 2. May, 1897, to May, 1903. Written by William F. Bradbury.

For sale at Chickering & Sons, 169 Tremont Street, Boston; C. W. Thompson & Co., A-B Park Street, Boston; Steinert Hall, 162 Boylston Street, Boston.

Handel and Haydn Society

Symphony Hall, Boston

Easter Sunday, April 23, 1916, 7.30 P. M.

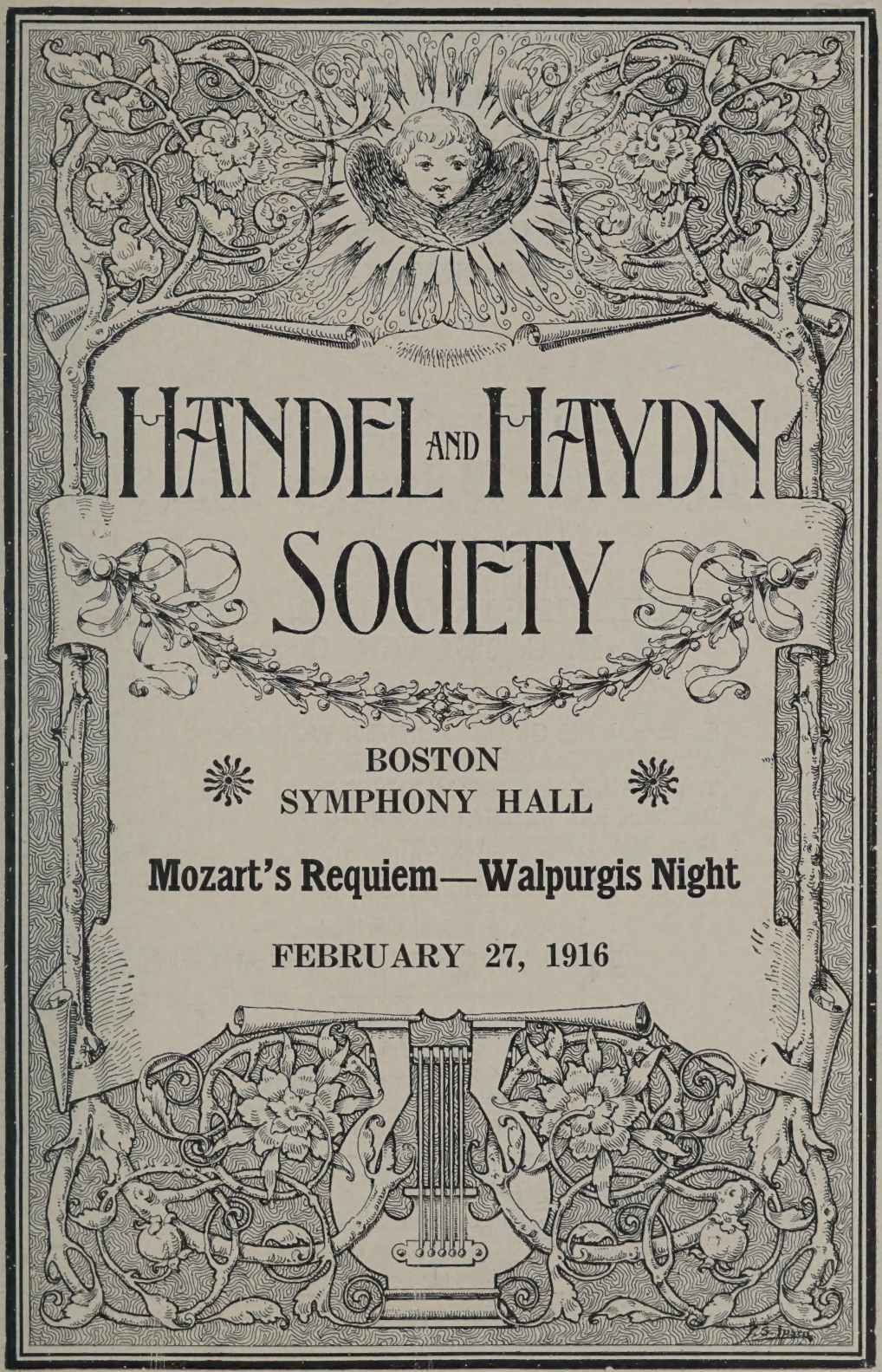
JUDAS MACCABAEUS

Soprano, MISS MARIE KAISER
Alto, MRS. EDITH DRESCOTT WOODCOCK
Tenor, MR. MORGAN KINGSTON
Bass, MR. FREDERICK MARTIN

JUDAS MACCABAEUS

This work, written in 1746, was often given in the early 70's, but has been performed only once since 1888. It is one of the most brilliant and dramatic of Handel's oratorios. Always virile and stirring and much admired by all lovers of oratorio.

#799



HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY

BOSTON
SYMPHONY HALL

Mozart's Requiem—Walpurgis Night

FEBRUARY 27, 1916

ANCHOR LINOTYPE PRINTING CO.
144 HIGH ST., BOSTON, MASS.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIRST SEASON
SEVEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-NINTH CONCERT

SUNDAY EVENING
FEBRUARY 27, 1916

The Mozart Requiem
The First Walpurgis Night

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Chickering Pianos used exclusively by the Handel and Haydn Society

MOZART'S REQUIEM. MASS NO. 15

I.

REQUIEM and KYRIE

SOPRANO SOLO AND CHORUS.

REQUIEM aeternam dona eis, Domine; et lux perpetua luceat eis.

Te decet hymnus, Deus, in Sion, et tibi reddetur votum in Jerusalem. Exaudi orationem meam: ad te omnis caro veniet.

KYRIE, eleison: Christe, eleison.

REST eternal give them, Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them.

Unto thee, O God, shall hymns be sung in Zion, and unto thee shall prayer go up in Jerusalem. Hear my prayer: unto thee shall all flesh come.

LORD, have mercy: Christ, have mercy.

II.

DIES IRÆ

Hymn by Saint Thomas of Celano, about 1230

English version by Charles W. Stone,
Secretary of the Handel and Haydn Society 1890-97

CHORUS

Dies iræ, dies illa!
Solvet sæclum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla.

Day of wrath, behold that day!
Time shall float in flame away;
Pagan seers with David say.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

Ah what quaking fear shall be,
Ere the Earth her Lord shall see
Searching all with stern decree

BASS SOLO

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Blazing trumpet's awful tone
O'er the tombs of ages blown
All shall call before the throne.

TENOR SOLO

Mors stupebit et natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

Death and Nature gaze aghast,
While the rising soul at last
Meets its Lord to own the past.

Liber scriptus proferetur
In quo totum continetur
Unde mundus judicetur.

Scroll with fateful writing fraught,
Forth in final judgment brought,
All shall show that Earth hath wrought

ALTO SOLO

Judex ergo cum sedebit
Quidquid latet apparebit
Nil inultum remanebit.

Throned on high he waits; and lo,
All that darkling lies shall show:
Naught without avenge can go.

SOPRANO SOLO AND QUARTET

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

Then what word my woe can plead?
Who my prayer for aid can heed,
While the just are sore in need?

CHORUS

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis
Salva me, fons pietatis.

Awful, all majestic King,
Who thine own to grace wilt bring,
Lead me nigh that saving spring.

QUARTET

Recordare. Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ:
Ne me perdas illa die.

Jesu sweet; recall, I pray,
'Twas for me thou trod'st thy way:
Lose me ne'er from thee that day.

Quærens me, sedisti lassus:
Redemisti, crucem passus:
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Weary thou for me hast lain
'Neath that saving cross of pain;
May such anguish be not vain.

Juste judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.

Lord of vengeance, stern and just,
Grant the pardoning grace we trust,
Ere the day that calls our dust.

Ingemisco tanquam reus:
Culpa rubet voltus meus:
Supplicanti parce, Deus.

Loud I cry in guilt's despair:
Flushing shame my features wear;
Thou, O Lord, thy suppliant spare.

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Thou that madest Mary free,
Thou that heard'st the robber's plea,
Gavest hope for even me.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ;
Sed tu bonus fac benigne:
Ne perenni cremer igne.

For some worthy prayer I yearn:
Still in mercy do not spurn:
May I not forever burn.

Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.

Where thy sheep go, turn my way:
Drive me ne'er with goats astray:
Nigh thy right hand make me stay.

CHORUS

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis.

Ere the accursed their fate shall know,
Doomed to burn in flames of woe,
Call me where thy sainted go.

Oro supplex et acclinis;
Cor contritum quasi cinis:
Gere curam mei finis.

Lowly, suppliant, I bend;
Contrite heart as sack-cloth rend:
Take compassion o'er my end.

QUARTET AND CHORUS

Lachrymosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus:
Huic ergo parce, Deus.

Day of weeping, oh that day,
When from ashes floats away
Man of guilt to meet the rod:
Spare him then, O thou our God!

Pie Jesu, Domine,
Dona eis requiem.
Amen.

Thou, Lord Jesu blest,
Grant to them thy rest.
Amen.

III.

DOMINE JESU: OFFERTORY

QUARTET AND CHORUS.

DOMINE Jesu Christie, Rex Gloriæ, libera animas omnium fidelium defunctorum de pœnis inferni et de profundo lacu : libera eas de ore leonis : ne absorbeat eas Tartarus : ne cadant in obscurum. Sed signifer Sanctus Michael repræsentet eas in lucem sanctam. Quam olim Abrahæ promisisti et semini ejus.

LORD Jesus Christ, King of Glory, deliver the souls of all the faithful departed from the pangs of hell and from the deep abyss: save them from the lion's mouth: let not the pit swallow them: may they fall not into darkness. But let thy standard-bearer, the holy Michael, bring them into thy holy light. As thou didst promise of old unto Abraham and his seed.

HOSTIAS et preces tibi, Domine, laudis offerimns : tu suscipe pro animabus illis quarum hodie memoriam facimus : fac eas, Domine, de morte transire ad vitam. Quam olim Ahrahæe promisisti et semini ejus.

SACRIFICE and prayer bring we to thee, O Lord, with praises: accept them for the souls of those whose memory we keep this day: let them pass, O Lord, from death unto life. As thou didst promise of old unto Abraham and his seed.

IV.

SANCTUS

QUARTET AND CHORUS

SANCTUS, Domine Deus Sabaoth. Pleni sunt cœli et terra gloria tua. Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini. Hosanna in excelsis.

HOLY, Lord God of Sabaoth. Heaven and Earth are full of thy glory. Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest.

V.

AGNUS DEI

CHORUS

AGNUS DEI, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona eis requiem sempiternam.

LAMB of God, that takest away the sins of the world, grant them unending rest.

VI.

LUX ÆTERNA

SOPRANO SOLO AND CHORUS

LUX æterna luceat eis, Domine, cum sanctis tuis in æternum, quia pius es.

REQUIEM æternam dona eis, Domine; et lux perpetua luceat eis.

LET thy light everlasting shine on them, O Lord, as on thy saints forever; for thou art merciful.

REST eternal give them, Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them.

THE FIRST WALPURGIS NIGHT . Mendelssohn

Chorus, Orchestra, and Organ

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Music by Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. Words by Goethe.

English version by W. Bartholomew. Third performance by the Society.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

OVERTURE.

(Portraying the change from Winter to Spring.)

No. 1.—*Druid* Solo (Tenor), *and* Chorus *of Druids and People.*

Now May again
Breaks Winter's chain,
The bud and bloom are springing;
No snow is seen,
The vales are green,
The woodland choirs are singing!
Yon mountain height
Is wint'ry white;
Upon it we will gather,—
Begin the ancient holy rite,—
Praise our Almighty Father.
In sacrifice
The flame shall rise;
Thus blend our hearts together!
Away, away!

No. 2.—Solo (Alto).—*An aged Woman of the People.*

Know ye not a deed so daring
Dooms us all to die despairing?
Know ye not, it is forbidden
By the edicts of our foemen?
Know ye, spies and snares are hidden.
For the sinners call'd "the heathen,"
On their ramparts they will slaughter
Mother, Father, Son, and Daughter;
If detected,
Naught but death can be expected.

Chorus *of Women.*

On their ramparts they will slaughter
Mother, Father, Son, and Daughter!
They oppress us,
They distress us!
If detected,
Naught but death can be expected.

No. 3.—*Druid Priest* (Baritone), *and* Chorus *of Druids.*

The man who flies
Our sacrifice,
Deserves the tyrant's tether.
The woods are free!
Disbranch the tree,
And pile the stems together.
In yonder shades,
Till daylight fades,
We shall not be detected:
Our trusty guards shall tarry here,
And ye will be protected.
With courage conquer slavish fear,—
Show duty's claim respected.

No. 4.—Chorus *of Druid Guards.*

Disperse, disperse, ye gallant men,
Secure the passes round the glen!
In silence there protect them,
Whose duties here direct them.

No. 5.—Solo (Bass).—*Druid Guard.*

Should our Christian foe assail us,
Aid a scheme that may avail us!
Feigning demons, whom they fable,
We will scare the bigot rabble!

No. 6.—Chorus *of Guards and People.*

Come with torches brightly flashing,
Rush along with billets clashing.
Through the nightgloom, lead and follow,
In and out each rocky hollow.
Owls and ravens,
Howl with us, and scare the cravens!

No. 7.—Solo (Baritone).—*Druid Priest, and* Chorus.

Restrain'd by Might,
We now by night,
In secret, here adore Thee!
Still it is day,
Whene'er we pray,
And humbly bow before Thee!
Thou can'st assuage
Our foemen's rage,

And shield us from their terrors—
The flame aspires!
The smoke retires!
Thus clear our faith from errors.
Our customs quell'd,
Our rights withheld,
Thy light shall shine for ever.

No. 8.—Solo (Tenor).—*A Christian Guard.*

Help, my comrades! see a legion
Yonder comes from Satan's region!
See yon group of witches gliding
To and fro' in flames advancing;
Some on wolves and dragons riding,
See, ah, see them hither prancing!
What a clattering troop of evil!
Let us, let us quickly fly them!
Imp and devil
Lead the revel,
See them caper,
Wrapt in clouds of lurid vapour!

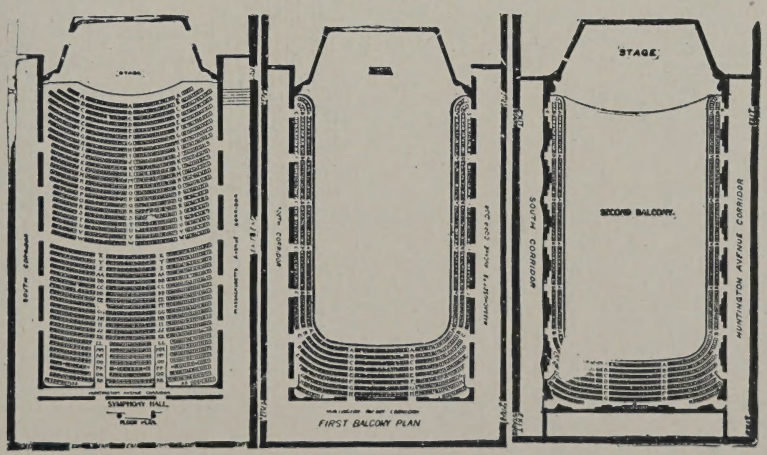
Chorus *of Guards.*

See the horrid haggards gliding,
Some on wolves and dragons riding,
See, ah, see them hither prancing,
With the Fiend in flames advancing!
See them caper,
Wrapt in clouds of lurid vapour!
Let us fly them, let us fly!

No. 9.—Chorus *of Druids and People.*

Unclouded now, the flame is bright!
Thus faith from error sever!
Though foes may cloud or quell our light,
Yet Thine, Thy light shall shine for ever!

PLAN OF HALL



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